

## SOME OF KING'S HORSES HERE.

LORD ROTHSCHILD ALSO JOINS IN A SHOW COLLECTION.

Prize Winners Arriving on the Minnetonka Will Be Seen in Canada and Kansas City—They Are of the Shire Breed, and Are Prize Winners.

Ten aristocratic horses landed here yesterday direct from the country estates of King Edward VII and Lord Rothschild. They came on the steamer Minnetonka and are Shire horses, once the greatest of the armored knights at the wars and now the leading breed for draught purposes in England. Nine of the lot have long records as winners at English shows of Shire or Clydesdale stock, the odd one being a weanling filly only once shown at Peterborough and a second prize winner.

The consignment only stayed in New York long enough to cross the dock from the steamer to an express car on a float, setting out for Canada by way of Jersey City last night. They will be exhibited, but not entering for competition, at the horse shows entered for August 27 to September 6; Ottawa, September 7 to 15; London, September 17 to 20, and at the Kansas City live stock show, beginning October 7.

The express car had a registered weight carrying capacity of 22,000 pounds and the ten horses made the beam breakers crack. The ten are valued at \$50,000 by the head owner, but none can be sold, as they are bonded to be returned to England. They are bonded in England in excess of the appraised valuation.

Lord Rothschild owns five and King Edward has many, his consignment being three fillies and a pair of geldings, all bred at Sandringham. The geldings are as big and heavy a pair as New Yorkers have ever seen, standing over 17 hands, hefting over a ton each.

"Oh, we never 'ad them weighed," said Timothy Cook, the head groom, who had daily check-ups in riding gaiters and breeches, "but Oh how they are hoover 'em all!"

They are broken to harness, but will only be shown to halter. The King's geldings are a five-year-old brown, first prize winner at Peterborough show this year, and a six-year-old bay, by Salisbury and grandeur Premier. The two geldings would bring at least \$3,000 apiece in the hands of a head mart at sight. The three-year-old filly Tacoma and the two-year-old Perseverance are brown with white markings, and by the King's stallion, Calwich. Yearlings by this sire sell at public auction for \$1,500 and the fillies have weight and bone to match.

The King's yearling is also a brown, Biscuit Van Maid, by Biscuit Forester, and a winner at Derby and Peterborough. This yearling is also a brown, Biscuit Van Maid, by Biscuit Forester, and a winner at Derby and Peterborough. This yearling is also a brown, Biscuit Van Maid, by Biscuit Forester, and a winner at Derby and Peterborough.

Lord Rothschild sends the brown stallion Giron Charnier, junior champion of the London Shire Horse Show of 1904 and champion of the Shire Horse Society of 1905. He is a dark bay and is a son of the late Lord Rothschild's stallion, Giron Charnier, junior champion of the London Shire Horse Show of 1904 and champion of the Shire Horse Society of 1905.

There have not been any Shire stallions at the New York show for years, but the few to be seen here were ponies in comparison with these elephantine importations. The draught teams and pairs at the show are true Shire horses, and are usually of Percheron or Clydesdale stock. There are many Shire horses in Canada and the West, however, including some of the best bred in breeding to those to be exhibited. The importation, it is thought, will stimulate the breeding from Shire horses, in preference to other heavy horse strains.

## ANOTHER LABOR CAMP REFUGEE

Corroborates Wilek's Assertions Regarding Penalties in Florida.

Mrs. Mary G. Quackenbush of the People's Law Firm, who is investigating the charges of penance brought by Bennie Wilek against Samuel S. Schwartz, proprietor of an employment agency at 113-115 First street and 283 Bowery, said yesterday that she had succeeded in finding several men who would corroborate Wilek's statements when the case comes up for a hearing to-morrow afternoon.

Another fugitive from the settlement of the Lodge, O'Hara & Russell, Company at Maytown, Fla., which Wilek related to be a slave camp, presented himself.

Edward School of 43 West Forty-fifth street, School is a German waiter at Wilek's, was of the consignment of laborers sent down to Florida by Schwartz on the Cape Line steamship leaving here June 6.

He worked at the Buffalo Bluff and Maytown in the company's turpentine camps for fourteen days, got 10 cents remuneration for his fortnight's work and then made his escape from Florida. He brought back with him from Florida a severe case of ague and had to be removed to the Hudson county hospital yesterday afternoon while making an affidavit to Mrs. Quackenbush.

## WIT TO GET BROWNE OUT.

New Has Marshal Henkel Violated the Treaty With Canada?

A writ of habeas corpus was granted yesterday by United States Judge Hough for C. C. Browne, the customs examiner who, having been extradited from Canada for trial for defrauding the Government, was locked up in Sing Sing by United States Marshal Billy Henkel to serve an old sentence for conspiracy, on which charge Browne had refused to extradite him after he jumped his bail under it.

Black, Oloot, Gruber & Bonnyne, in their application for the writ of habeas corpus, declared that the prisoner was entitled to his liberty because under the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed July 12, 1860, it is provided in article 8 that "no prisoner surrendered by or to either of the high contracting parties shall be tried or punished for any crime or offense committed prior to his extradition other than the offense for which he was surrendered, until he shall have had an opportunity of returning to the country from which he was surrendered."

Browne, however, hasn't been tried since his extradition. He was tried before it and sent to Canada to await sentence.

It is expected that Sir Percy Sanderson, the British Consul-General, will be on hand when Browne is brought to the Federal Building next week.

## Drowned in Lake Lake.

Malone, N. Y., July 30.—James O'Mara of Lake Lake Station, N. Y., 18 years of age, was drowned in Lake Lake yesterday while fishing. He was taken from the water by a fisherman and brought to shore where he was found to have been drowned.

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## THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

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## LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

While reviewing certain assessments records the other day one of the Tax Commissioners discovered that in one West side district seventeen out of twenty-two assessments were down on the tax books as owned by women. Surprised by this discovery, and extending the investigation, it was found that nearly 90 per cent. of the assessments with the exception of the saloons of Greater New York are apparently owned and licensed by the fairer sex.

"Of course," commented the Commissioner, "a majority of business men have, for one reason or another, decided their property to their wives, but it seems that the liquor business of the metropolis is controlled almost entirely by women—at least in time it might be interesting to know why."

With special coaches equipped with libraries, bathrooms, sun parlors, games and so on, one would imagine that the luxuries of railway travel were about exhausted. Not so, however, for at least two of the transcontinental lines promise to inaugurate a novelty within a few months which will be not only a boon to actors and actresses but to the general travelling public as well.

This novelty will be a theatre car. Impressed by the hearty reception given stage folk on several occasions while crossing the Middle West and Rockies have entertained the travelling passengers with scenes from this, that or the other play, arrangements are being made whereby certain transcontinental trains will carry coaches in which stages, cutters and facilities for acting will be installed. Carriers who appear will get minimum rates, or perhaps free passage, and a certain charge will be made for admission to the theatre car for performances.

A cashier in the financial district, on being advised by his physician to take a vacation next winter, wrote the agent of a South American steamship line as follows: "As I am thinking of taking a trip to South America, please advise me immediately with particulars relative to rates, accommodations and so on, and to and from the various ports usually visited by tourists at this season of the year."

The answer came by special delivery, marked private and confidential: "One of our steamers will sail for Valparaiso next Wednesday. Shortest and quickest way out of the country."

Joe Welpe was accosted on Broadway the other afternoon by an actor acquaintance. "I saw you at the party, after the actor had impressed upon Wober his need of an engagement, the actor-manager inquired: "By the way, where can a communication reach you—at the Players?" "I'm posted at the Players, but you can reach me at the Lamba. As a matter of fact, Joe, I'm posted at the Lamba, too."

A certain writer was gathering pictures of authors at their summer recreations and wrote to a number of the best sellers to get such photographs. Some of the pictures received were rather amusing. One man sent an illustration of his summer recreation the photograph of a large dog; another sent a picture of himself sitting on a log in a forest; a third, a woman author sent her favorite summer recreation a snapshot of herself starting out on her wedding tour.

The other evening at North Beach a Captain of militia in uniform was sitting at a table with his blouse unbuttoned to the collar. He had probably put in a hard day's work at the Creedmoor ranges and had dropped over to North Beach for rest and recreation. A man of military bearing in civilian dress stepped up to him and with a look and tone of authority demanded: "What right have you, sir, to sit here with your blouse unbuttoned? Button it up immediately."

The Captain, overwhelmed with embarrassment, sprung to his feet and began obeying the command, but not without a twinkle in the eye and a suppressed smile on the countenance of his supposedly superior officer, said:

"May I ask whose orders I am obeying?" Private Kuhn didn't stay to see his orders carried out.

"THE HAM TREE" BACK AGAIN. McIntyre and Heath Renew Their Fun-making at the New York.

McIntyre and Heath and "The Ham Tree" came back to Broadway last night and were welcomed by an audience that filled the New York Theatre.

The cast includes Carolyn Gordon, W. C. Fields, Frederick Bowers, Belle Gold and others who help to make it a success before. There are new costumes for some of the acts.

Try this punch: Juice of three lemons and one orange, one quart of water, one cup of sugar and one pint of

Welch's Grape Juice

Add sliced orange and pineapple and serve ice cold. But remember that it takes the pure, rich Concord grape juice as prepared by Welch to give the delicious and satisfying flavor.

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## ROCKEFELLER IN MERRY MOOD.

POSES FOR SNAPSHOTTERS AS HE STARTS FOR CLEVELAND.

He Says to Mr. Archibold Junior: "If I Get Arrested, John, I Want You to Come Over and Take Care of Me."—Talks of "A Big Trolley Company."

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., July 30.—If ever John D. Rockefeller was in good humor it was to-night when he departed for Cleveland on train 19, which is due here at 6:10. Mr. Rockefeller, his wife and two servants made up the party. Mr. Rockefeller drove down to the station about 6:30 and many were surprised to see him so early, as he generally allows himself only a few minutes to catch a train. While waiting he walked over to the river side of the station and, meeting a little boy, said: "How are you, my young man? Can you swim?"

The boy told him he could, and just then John D. Archibold came to the station. Excusing himself to the boy, Mr. Rockefeller turned and grasped Mr. Archibold's hand and welcomed him warmly. They paced the platform and then went into the station and held an earnest conversation for nearly half an hour. While in the station Mr. Rockefeller was overheard to say: "If I get arrested, John, I want you to come over and take care of me." Then there was other talk of "planning a big trolley company."

Just before train time Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Archibold emerged from the station and Mr. Rockefeller led Mr. Archibold across the tracks by the hand and then, taking his arm, they walked together to the south of the station. Mr. Rockefeller talked earnestly, gesticulating at times.

Mrs. Rockefeller came to the station with a maid about ten minutes ahead of time and walked up and down the station platform. Mr. Rockefeller talked with Mr. Archibold until the train was coming into the station, when he went forward to Mrs. Rockefeller and said:

"Come, mother," and helped her aboard. Just before the train came in he was asked to say something, but he laughed and said he "guessed the public was tired of hearing about him."

Seeing a photographer preparing to snap his picture he beckoned to him to go ahead and even held the train and assisted Mrs. Rockefeller to pose. As the train was pulling out he waved to Mr. Archibold and took off his hat. Just then a reporter approached Mr. Archibold, and Mr. Rockefeller, seeing the move, laughed heartily and, pointing his finger, suggested to the reporter to snap Mr. Archibold, whereas Mr. Archibold also laughed.

"Mr. Archibold, it would make good news if I knew what you and Mr. Rockefeller were talking about," said a reporter.

"I know it would," replied the Standard Oil vice-president, "but you will have to guess at it."

Did you talk about the Standard Oil cases?

"No, they have been all threshed out."

"Is there any truth in the story that Mr. Rockefeller will be arrested when he gets to Cleveland?"

"None whatever. Mr. Rockefeller will not be troubled by the courts."

With another laugh and a farewell wave to Mr. Rockefeller Mr. Archibold exused himself and drove to his home in South Broadway.

Mr. Rockefeller looked better to-day than he has in years. He appeared to be full of vigor, and was bubbling over with good humor. He spent the day quietly at Poconoco Hills giving final instructions to Mr. Hemmenway, his superintendent. He will return in September, when he will oversee the construction of his new mansion on the hill.

## TWO INTO ONE GRAVE.

Double Funeral of Father and Son: Victims of Newark Explosion.

At St. Bridget's Catholic Church, Newark, yesterday, services were held over Matthew Caffrey, Sr., and his son John Caffrey, who died in St. James's Hospital on Saturday. The Caffreys were two of seven persons injured by an explosion at the leather plant of M. Caffrey & Sons on New Jersey Railroad avenue last Wednesday. Four died, including James A. Caffrey, also son of Matthew Caffrey, and Andrew Galla, an employee. The elder Caffrey died without having known the fate of his sons.

Every seat in the church was filled during the requiem mass, while hundreds stood outside the building. The two hearse were driven abreast and the bodies were lowered into one grave at the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre.

Matthew Caffrey, Jr., another son who was hurt in the explosion, is still at the hospital and is expected to recover, although he is badly burned.

JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE DEAD. English Actor-Manager Had Been on the Stage Since 1852.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, July 30.—John Lawrence Toole, the well known actor-manager, died to-day.

He was originally a clerk in a wine merchant's office. He adopted the stage as a profession in 1852, and subsequently played in almost every theatre in the United Kingdom. He also played throughout the United States, Australia and New Zealand. He was for many years lessee and manager of Toole's Theatre, London.

News of Plays and Players.

"His Honor the Mayor," which has been a drawing card at the New York Theatre, was shifted to Wallack's last night.

The date of the opening at the Savoy Theatre of Rose Stubi in James Forbes's four act comedy "The Chorus Lady," has been changed from Monday, September 3, to Saturday, September 1.

Wagenhals & Kemper yesterday received from Jerome K. Jerome the manuscript of a play just completed for Miss Annie Russell. It is a comedy called "Syria of the Letters" and will be produced at the Astor Theatre the coming season.

Arrangements were made yesterday by General Manager E. F. Albee of Keith & Proctor's theatre and David Belasco for the production by the stock company at Keith & Proctor's 125th Street Theatre of "The Darling of the Gods," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "The Heart of Maryland."

By the terms of the contract, Mr. Albee secures the entire scenic equipment, the costumes, the properties and all the electrical lighting paraphernalia.

The Jersey City Amusement Company was incorporated yesterday in New Jersey with a capital stock of \$200,000 to conduct and maintain a large amusement, theatrical and vaudeville business and to operate theatres. The incorporators are Frank E. Henderson, manager of the Academy of Music, and Frederick and August Klein, owners of the Bon Ton Theatre.

Illinois Judge in a New York Rehe. Judge Robert Shirley of the Circuit Court of Illinois was a visitor to the County Court House yesterday. He sat on the bench in Special Term Part I with Supreme Court Justice Maclean for a couple of hours, assisted in one of the suits which the justice of this county was.

## SYLPH'S AMATEURS PLAY BALL.

President Attends Contest Between A. B.'s Stockhold Talent, Which Main Interrupts.

OSTERVILLE, N. Y., July 30.—President Roosevelt, with two of his sons, watched a return game to-day between the sailors of the President's yacht, the Sylph, and the engine room force. A few days ago the engine room trimmed the A. B.'s 13 to 0. The Sylphs were yearning for revenge, and there was a grim look of determination in each bluejacket's eye as he faced Lechford, chief engineer, who pitched the stockhold to victory in the 23-0 game.

"Send her up to the top, Bill," cried one of the A. B.'s as his mate stepped up to the bat. Bill gave his trousers a hitch, shifted his quid and gripped the bat as though it were a capstan bar. "Crack!" The bat hit squarely on Chief Lechford's first twister and Billy went away for two bases. Some one sounded a whistle, and the bluejackets howled with delight.

"Pipe all hands and out loose the second battery," yelled the wit of the crew; "we have got 'em going."

The President laughed heartily and applauded when the sailors scored their first run and wiped out the goose egg of the first game.

Both teams were dressed in duck, which looked much the worse for wear after some amateur base sliding. The score was 3 all at the end of the third inning and every sailor was ready to bet his last chew of tobacco that Chief Lechford had met his Waterloo, when, as one of them put it, "the keeper of the celestial rain barrel pulled the plug and washed them all into the soupers." The rain broke up the game.

The diamond was laid out in the orchard lot at Sagamore Hill near the President's residence. The rain came so quickly that the President and his sons had to make a quick sprint to escape a dousing.

The sailors didn't seem to mind the wetting, but pulled back to the Sylph, eagerly discussing what would have happened if the rain had held off. Every tar was ready to back his opinion and the engine room force were with their chief to a man. The bets will be decided on the first fair day that the crew gets ashore leave.

## The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day on the steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm for Bremen, via Plymouth and Cherbourg, are:

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Ames, Baroness von Buttler-Brandenburg, E. R. Bacon, Hugo Bering, Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Chetwood, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Flagler, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hoy, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hommel, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Schenck, Miss Harriet Stowe, Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Seldon.

To sail on the Carmania for Liverpool are: J. Van Vechten Olcott, Mr. and Mrs. D. Christie, Dean and Mrs. J. O'Neill-Power, Miss O'Neill-Power, Mr. and Mrs. James Hyde Young.

On the Carpathia, sailing for Mediterranean ports, are: Prof. Frederick Dieleman, John A. Griffith, Dr. T. G. Lusk, Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Robbins, Thomas G. Stritt.

Prof. John Bassett Moore Gets Home. Prof. John Bassett Moore, who sailed some weeks ago on board the yacht Wakiva with his owner, Mr. H. Dodge, intending to go to the Pan-American Congress at Rio Janeiro, returned yesterday on the Red D Line steamship Philadelphia from San Juan. The yacht was delayed so much by weather and the quarantine regulations at San Juan that Prof. Moore decided not to go to Rio.

Letter Carrier Drops Dead in Branch Station. William Prite, a letter carrier who lived at 1765 Madison avenue and was attached to Station O at 122 Tenth avenue, dropped dead in the station yesterday afternoon just after he had returned from making his rounds. Heart failure, superinduced by heat exhaustion, is supposed to have been the cause.

When the pair were arraigned in the Essex Market police court yesterday morning Magistrate Moser asked the woman if she was positive Reuben was her husband. Mrs. Goblin scrutinized the man's features closely, and then said doubtfully:

"I think I really think that is Hyman." Here Reuben broke in and said that he was not even an uncle, let alone a husband. Magistrate Moser discharged Reuben.

"He would do anyway," commented the woman. "He looks so much like Hyman."

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## THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY  
August, 1906.

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Christianity on Trial . . . . . The Rev. Dr. PHILIP S. MOXOM  
Fogazzaro and His Masterpiece . . . . . WILLIAM R. THAYER  
The Sherman Anti-Trust Law . . . . . CHARLES G. DAVES,  
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Canadian Manufacturers' Tariff Campaign . . . . . WATSON GRIFFIN  
The Harmless Necessary Truth . . . . . ELIZABETH BISLAND  
Scandinavian-Americans: Their Status . . . . . HROLF WISBY  
The Salton Sea . . . . . EDMUND MITCHELL  
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## LOOKED LIKE HER HUSBAND.

Woman Seizes a Man on the Street and Claims Him as Her Own.

Reuben Richman, a youth of 20, who says he is a jeweler and lives at 106 Eldridge street, was passing along Rivington street, near Eldridge, on Sunday night, when a woman pounced upon him and smothered him with kisses, saying in Yiddish:

"My long lost Hyman, I've found you at last. I love you still, even if you don't desert your old woman."

Reuben gasped: "You've made a mistake. My name is Reuben."

"No, it isn't; it is Hyman. Come home and see how the children have grown," replied the woman, throwing her arms about his neck. The more he tried to shake her off the tighter the grip became.

Richman gave a big pull and broke away and then started on a dead run. He hadn't gone far when the woman, who is twice his size, seized him and the two fell to the pavement. A great crowd collected, which attracted the attention of Policeman Daly of the Eldridge street station. He arrested both for fighting.

The woman told the sergeant that her name was Adele Goblin, and that her husband had deserted her two years ago in Russia. She had two small children, she said, and after waiting a reasonable time for him to return came to New York to look him up. She was sure she had the right man.

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